PRISONERS OF POVERTY.

WOMER WAGE WORKERS, THEIR TRADES AND THEIR LIVES. BY HELEN CAMPBELL

> THE BARGAIN COUNTER. Copyright, 1886,

' Tae problem of a week ago, is, if not plain, at least far plainer than then, and it has become possible to understand how the garment sold at twelve and a baif cents may still afford its margin of profit. It has also been made plain that that profit is, as then stated, "never on the side of the worker," but that it is wrung from her by the sharpest and most pitiless of all the methods known to unscrupulous men and the women who have chosen to emulate them. For it has been my evil fortune in this quest to find women not only as filled with greed and as tricky and uncertain in their methods as the worst class of male employers, but even more ingenious 11 specific modes of im-Without exception, so far as I can discover, they have been workers themselves, released for a time it may be by marriage, but taking up the trade again, either from choice or necessity. They have learned every possibility of cheating. They know also far better than men every posstbility of nagging, and as they usually own a few machines they employ women on their own premises and keep a watchful eye lest the smallest advantage be gained. The majority prefer to act as " sweaters," this releasing them from the uncertainties attending the wnolcsale manufacturer, and as the work is given to them at prices at or even below the "life limit," it is not surprising that those to whom they in turn pass it on find their percentage to mean something much nearer death than life.

"Only blind eyes could have failed to see all this before," some reader is certain to say. "How is it possible that any one dealing directly with the question could doubt for a moment the existence of this and a thousand-fold worse fraud ?"

Only possible from the same fact that makes these papers a necessity. They hold only new phases of the old story. The grain has had not one threshing alone, but many, and yet for the most patient and persistent of searchers after truth is ever fresh surprise at its nature and extent. Given one or a dozen exposures of a fraud, and we settle instinctively into the conviction that its power has ended. It is barely conceivable to the honest mind that cheating has wonderful staying power, and that not one nor a thousand exposures will turn into straight paths feet used to crooked ones. And when a business man, born to all good things and owning a name known as the synonym of the best the Republic offers to-day, states calmly, "There is no such thing as business without lying," what room remains for honor or justice or humanity among men whose theory is the same, and who can gild if with no advantage of birth or training? It Is a wonderful century, and we are civilizing with a speed that takes away the breath and dims the vision, but there are dark corners still and in the shadow Greed and Corruption and Shame hold high carnival, with nameless snapes, before which even civilization cowers. Their trace is found at every turn, but we deal with only one to-day, helpless, even when face to face, to say what method will most surely mean destruction.

We settle so easily into the certainty that nothing

can be as bad as it seems, that moments of despair come to whoever would rouse men to action. Not one generation nor many can answer the call sounding ferever in the cars of every son of man, but he who has heeded has at least made heeding more possible for those that follow; and the time comes at last when the way must be plain for all. To make it plainer many a popular conviction must be laid aside, and among them the one that

It is a deeply rooted belief that the poor understand and feel for the poor beyond any possibility in those who have never known cold and hunger and rags, save as uncomfortable terms used too freely by injudicious agitators. Like many gnother popular belief the groundwork is in the believer's own mind, and has its most tangible existence in story books. There are isolated cases always of self-sacrifice and compassion and all gentle virtues, but long experience goes to show, that if too great comfort is deadening, too little is brutalizing, and that pity dies in the soul of man she is by this means getting even with the world. She knows every sore spot, and how best to make the ga'led jade wince, and lightens her own task by the methods practised in the past upon herself. This is one species to be dealt with, and a far less dangerous one than the craftier and less outspokenly brutal order, just above her in grade. It is by these last that some of the chief frauds on women are perpetrated, and here we find one source of the supplies that furnish the bargain

We read periodically of firms detected in imposing upon women, and are likely to feel that such exposure has ended their career as firms once for all. In every trade will be found one or more of tness, whose methods of obtaining hands are fraudulent, and who advertise for "girls to learn the trade," with no intention of retaining them beyond the time in which they remain content to work without pay. There are a thousand methods of evasion, even when the law faces them and the victim has made formal complaint. As a rule she is too ignorant and too timid for complaint or any thing but abject submission, and this fact is relied upon as certain foundation for success. But, if determined enough, the woman has some redress in her power. Within a few years, after long and often defeated attempts, the Woman's Protective Union has brought about legislation against such fraud, and any employer deliberately withholding wages is liable to fifteen days' imprisonment and the costs of the suit brought against him, a fact of which most of them seem to be still quite nnaware. This law, so far as imprisonment is concerned, has no application to women, and they have learned how to evade the points which might be made to bear upon them by hiring rooms, machines, etc. and swearing that they have no personal property that can be levied upon. Or,lif they have any, they transfer it to some friend or relative, as in the case o Madame M-, a fashionable dressmaker notorious for escaping from payment seven times out of ten. She has accumulated money enough to become the owner of a large farm on Long Island, but so ingeniously have all ther arrangements been mad that it is impossible to make her responsible, and her case is used at the Union as a standing illustration of the difficulty of circumventing a woman bent upon cheating.

A firm, a large proportion of whose goods are

manufactured in this manner, can well afford to stock the bargain counters of popular stores. They can afford also to lose slightly by work imperfectly done, though, even with learners, this is in smaller proportion than might be supposed. The girl who comes in answer to their advertisement is anxious to learn the trade at once, and gives her best intelligence to mastering every detail. Her first week is likely to hold an energy of effort that could hardly last, and she can often be beguiled by small payments and large promises to continue, weeks and even months, always expecting the always delayed payment. Firms dealing in such fashion change their quarters often, unless

court, that she never meant to cheat them, and it is still an open question with those who snow her best how far she herself recognizes the fraud in her system. The old hands deny that it is her custom to cheat, and though innumerable complaints stand against her, she has usually paid on compulsion, and insisted that she always meant to. Her machines never lack operators and the grade of work turned out is of the best quality. Her advertisement appears at irregular intervals, is answered by swarms of applicants, and there are always numbers waiting their turn. On a side street a few blocks distant is a deep, basement, crowded with machines and presided over by a woman with many of her personal characteristics. It is the lowest order of slop work that is done here, but it helps to fill the bargain counters of the poorer stores, and the workers are an always shifting quantity. It is certain that both places are practically the property of Mrs. F-, but no man has yet been cunning enough to determine once for all her responsibility, and no law yet framed covers any ground that she has chosen as her own. Her prototypes are to be found in every trade open to women, and their numbers grow with the growth of the great city and strengthen in like proportion. The story of one is practically the story of all. Popularly supposed to be a method of trickery confined chiefly to Jews, investigation shows that Americans must share the odium in almost as great degree, and that the long list includes every nationality known to trade.

We have dealt thus far with fraud as the first and chief procurer for bargain-counters. Another method results from a fact that thus far must sum up as mainly Jewish. Till within very little more than a year, a large dry-goods firm on the West Side employed many women in its underwear department. The work was piece-work, and done by the class of women who own their own chines and work at home. Prices were never high, but the work was steady and the pay prompt. The firm for a time made a specialty of "Mother Hubbard" night gowns, for which they paid \$1 a dozen for " making," this word covering the making and putting in of yoke and sleeves, the " seamer " having in some cases made the bodies at 30 cents a dozen. Many of the women, however, made the entire garment at \$1 30 per dozen, ten being the ntmost number practicable in a day of fourteen hours. Suddenly the women were informed that their services would not be required longer. An East Side firm bearing a Jewish name had contracted to do the same work at 80 cents a dozen, and all other underwear in the same proportions. Steam had taken the place of foot-power, and the women must find employment with firms who were willing to keep to slower methods. Necessarily these are an always lessening minority. Competition in this race for wealth crashes out every possibility of thought for the worker save as so much producing power, and what hand and foot cannot do steam must. In several cases in this special manufacture the factories have been transferred to New-Jersey and Pennsylvania, where rent is a mere song, and where girls flock in from the adjacent country, eager for the work that represents semething higher than eitner ordinary mill work or the household service they

"What can we do ?"said one manufacturer lately. when asked how he thought the thing would end. If there were any power quicker than steam, or any way of managing so that women could feed five or six machines, that would have to come next, else every one of us would go to the wall together, the pressure is so tremendous. Of course there's no chance for the women, but then you must remember there's precious little chance for the employer either. This competition is a sort of insanity. It gluts the market with cheap goods, and gives a sense of prosperity, but it is the death of all legitimate reasonable business. It won't surprise me if this whole trade of manufacturing underwear becomes a monopoly and one man like O'H-, for instance, swallows up the whole thing. Lord help the women then for there'll be no help in man!"

"Suppose co-operation were tried? What would

be the effect ?" "No effect, because there isn't confidence enough anywhere to make men dare a co-operative scheme. Even the workers would distrust it, and a sharp business man laughs in your face if you mention the word. It doesn't suit American notions. It might be a good thing if there were any oldfashioned business men left : men content with or woman to whom no pity has been shown. It is case, then, how the woman who has found injustice and oppression the law of life, deals in the same fashion when her own time comes, and the same fashion when her own time comes, and the same fashion when her own time comes, and the same fashion when her own time comes, and there will have to be a reconstruction rotten, and thore will have to be a reconstruction rotten, and thore will have to be a reconstruction rotten, and thore will have to be a reconstruction rotten, and thore will have to be a reconstruction rotten, and thore will have to be a reconstruction rotten, and thore will have to be a reconstruction rotten, and thore will have to be a reconstruction rotten, and thore will have to be a reconstruction rotten, and thore will have to be a reconstruction rotten, and thore will have to be a reconstruction rotten, and thore will have to be a reconstruction rotten, and thore will have to be a reconstruction rotten, and thore will have to be a reconstruction rotten, and thore will have to be a reconstruction rotten, and thore will have to be a reconstruction rotten, and thore will have to be a reconstruction rotten, and thore will have a ghost of a change with the world. It is a show profits and nonest ucaning as my latter. We will not a sked the question, saying:

"Years aco, when I was about 300 feet. The General then explained why he had asked the question, saying:

"Years aco, when I was making political speeches, I had a leader in the flous on this direction was that he had the with an antagonist who very tearly stumped in the flous on this direction. The trouble with Morrison was that he had the with an antagonist who very tearly stumped in the flous on the flous on this direction. The trouble with Morrison was that he had the with an antagonist who very tearly stumped in the flous on the flous on this direction. The trouble with an antagonist who very tearly stumped in the flous on the flou slow profits and honest dealing as my father was the face of the earth, and the race is a more killing one every year. I'm half inclined to think some times that mankind will soon be pretty much a superfluity, the machines are getting so intelligent, and it may be these conditions that seem to upset you so are simply means of killing off those that are not wanted, and giving place to a less sensitive order of beings. Lord help them, I say again, for there's no help in man."

The speaker nodded, as if this rather unexpected flight of imagination was an inspiration in which might lie the real solution of all difficulties, and burried away to his waiting niche in the great competitive system. And as he went, there came to me words, spoken by one of the workers, in whose life hope was dead, and who also had her theory of any future under to-day's conditions:

"I've worked eleven years. I've tried five trades with my needle and machine. My shortest day has been fourteen hours for I had the children and tney had to be fed. There's not one of these trades that I don't know well. It isn't work that I've any trouble in getting. It's wages. Five years ago I could earn \$1 50 a day and we were comfortable. Then it began to go down-\$1 25-then \$1. There it stopped awhile, and I got used to that, and could even get some remains of comfort out of it. I had to plan to the last half cent. We went cold often but we were never hungry. But then it fell again-to 90 cents-to 85. For a year the best that I can do I have earned not over 80 cents a day-sometimes only 75. I'm sixty-two years old. I can't learn new ways. I am strong. I always was strong. I run the machine fourteen hours a day with just the stoppings that have to be to get the work ready. I've never asked a man alive for a penny beyond what my own hands can earn and I don't want it. I suppose the Lord knows what it all means. It's His world and His children in it, and I've kept myself from going crazy many a time by saying it was His world and that somehow it must all come right in the end. But I don't beheve it any more. He's torgotten. There's nothing left but men that live to grind the face of the poor; that chuckle when they find a new way of making a cent or two more a week out of starving women and children. I never thought I should feel so; I don't know myself, but I tell you I'm [ready for murder when I think of these men. If there's no justice above it isn't quite dead below; and if men with money will not heed, the men and the women without money will rise some day. How! I don't know. We've no time to plan, and we're too tired to think, but it's coming somehow, and I'm not ashamed to say I'll join in if I live to see it come. It's seas of tears that these men sail on. It's our life-blood they drink and our tesh that they eat. God help them if the storm comes, for there'll be no help in man."

Employer and employed had ended in well nigh the same words; but the gulf between no words have spanned, and it widens day by day.

in such fashion change their quarters often, unless in league with police captains, who have been given sufficient reasons for obliviousness of their factors, and who have also been known to silence timid complaints with the threat of a charge of theft. But there is always a multitude ready to be duped, and no exposure seems sufficient to prevent this, and women who have once established a business on this system seem absolutely reckiess as to any possible consequences.

There is at present on Third-avenue a Mrs. F—, who for eleven years has conducted a successful business built upon continuous fraud. She is a manufacturer of underwear, and the singular fact is that she has certain regular employes who have been with her from the beginning and who, while apparently unconscious of her methods, are presented in the fraud. She is a woman of seed presence and address, and one to whom the sabmit unquestioningly, contending, even in

AMONG MEN OF MARK.

A WIDE RANGE OF HINTS AND COMMENTS

FROM MANY SOURCES. Mr. Blaine said a good many clever things while he was here in New-York. Some of them nave been retold by his friends and thus have become news-paper property. He was asked the other day by a friend if he had read an article in a newspaper, and on replying in the negative, was advised to get the paper and read it. There was some little bantering back and forth and then Mr. Plaine said: " I only read one newspaper a day. I read that one for the news. I cannot stop to read more than one, lest I should get into the condition of the Cadl who was called upon to judge an offender. He heard the case stated by the officers and was about to pronounce sentence upon the poor fellow when the latter begged leave to speak for himself. The Cadi gave his permission. The off-under made out a story entirely different from that which was told by the offcers. When he had concluded the Cadi said: "A few moments ago I was completely satisfied of your guilt. Now I am in doubt. So for this time I shall let you go. But I give warning that hereafter I shall hear only side of a case. It is not fitting that a Cadi should be placed in doubt. You see," concluded Mr. Blaine: " I am fearful of being thrown into doubt by reading too many

William Henry Smith, the General Manager of the Associated Press, who went abroad to arrange some details of news for his association, has come back firmly convinced that there is to be a European war at no distant Mr. Smith is a small man with a large head and full gray beard. Years ago he was Secretary of State of Ohio, and developed there the executive ability which has since placed him at the head of one of the most important enterprises of the country. The Associated Press is neutral in its statements of news and must be constantly guarded to prevent its being used for political or business purposes. Mr. Smith has been remarkably successful in maintaining the freedom of his reports

The signatures of public men are an interesting study. Glancing over the register at the Murray Hill Hotel the other day I saw a name which read like J. R. Bodull. The handwriting was plain and distinct and evidently that of a business man, but no one would have taken it for J. R. Bodwell, for which it was infended. It was the signature of the Governor-sleet of Maine and is worth a good many thousands of dollars at the bottom of a bank check. "Grover Cleveland, Washington," and "Mrs. Cleveland," with ditto marks under Washington, occupy two lines on one of the pages of the Victoria Hotel register. The writing is the President's own, made as he came through the city the other day from Boston. The letters are small, evenly formed, and close together. A bad pen made him spoil the Grover of his own name with a couble stroke over some of the letters. Otherwise the writing is like copy-book work. The signature for Mrs. Cleveland is not quite so freely written as the other. The President has not had much practice at it.

There was a story affoat while Mr. Cleveland was here that his change of quarters to the Victoria Hotel was due to the fear that he might meet Mr. Biaine at the Pifth Avenue, where he has generally had rooms on his visits to New-York. Whether the story true or not, it was believed by many politicians. Braine left the city for Boston within an hour after the arrival of the President's party. They would scarcely have met even if the President had gone to his old quarters. H. L. Hoyt, of the Victoria Hotel, is an old Buffalo hotel man. Mr. Cleveland fived at Mr. Hoyt's Buffalo house for a number of years and represented him as at-torcey in some important matters. In one instance, where Mr. Hoyt got into trouble with the landlord from whom he had leased the property, Mr. Cleveland ad vanced him money with which to extricate himself from vanced him money with which to extricate himself from an annoying complication. Thus they are old friends and it is possible that this had as much to do with the President's change of quarters as anything else. The Victoria is a quiet place, a little out of the orticary only lie drift and consequently a place where the President would be safe from observation and impertment seruinty.

General Alexander Shaler remarked, as he was passing Forty second-st., upon the rapid growth of the business long that thoroughfare and up Broadway. Said he: There is probably nothing more remarkable in the recent growth of New-York than this business extension on Porty-second-st. unless ir be the tide of householders rushing up on the West Side. While there is some tendeney to take business up Fifth-ave, the general exten-

participant. While in Nw-York the other day he mat II. C. Parsons, of Natural Bridge, Virginia, of whom he immediately asked the height of the Natural Bridge. Mr. about the Natural Bridge at that time, but I had an intefinite idea that it was a great deal higher than any man could east a pobble. So when I got up to answer him I challenged this statement and declared that no man could throw a stone over the bridge, even with the sling with which David killed Goliath. Then I asked the audience not to believe anything that a man would say who would make such an erroneous and false statement. My answer to his speech had the effect that I was correct or not."

Turning the corner of Nassau and Wall sts. a day or two ago I ran across Edgar M. Johnson, of Cincinnati, who is well known as the law partner of ex-Governor Headly, of Cincinnati, and as an ardent lover of fine horses. He rarely falls to come East to see all the great races of the year. This time he has just returned from Europe, where he went to regain health at the famous resort of Carisbad, about which so much is heard. Mr. Johnson told me something of the treatment of the patients at that place. The medicinal qualities of the water are considered valuable in liver troubles, but the physicians seems to rely quite as much upon good habits as upon the water. The patient is requested to rise at 6 o'clock in the morning and exercise by walking for an hour. Then he rests an hour before breakfast, which consists of toast, eggs and coffee. He must walk for mother hour and rest again. He takes a light lunch in the middle of the day and a light dinner at 5 o'clock, but the middle of the day and a light dinner at 5 o'clock, but at half past 9 or 10 o'clock, at the outside, everybody is in bod. There is a theatre at Carlabad where the opera to begins at 6 o'clock and concludes as 9, so that everybody may be in bed at an early hour. In speaking about things that had impressed him most in Earope Mr. Johnson said that he regarded the Opera House in Paris as incomparable with any similar institution on the globe.

In a chat with Senator Sherman the other day some thing was said about the labor movement in this city when he remarked: "Henry George is worse than the St. John of the Democratic party. He is their bete noin They have reason to fear him." Senator Sherman, by the way, is losing the reputation that he formerly had for being cold and frigid. The cordiality with which he has received visitors within the last year or two has removed much of the old feeling that men had toward him. When he was at the bead of the Treasury Department he was extructly guarded in talking with strangers and even with his personal friends. When he is in New-York now he goes about the hotel corridors and streets in the now me goes about the hotel corridors and streets in the ain pleat way. This reminds me as well that during Mr. Biaine's stay in New-York he was frequently to be seen alone in Broadway or Flith Avenue going up or down on loot. It is its custom at home to take a regular morning walk, purely for exercise, a recreation which he did not neglect while in New-York.

French names are common with the families of Detroit. There is an old and wealthy French society in the City of Straits which takes pride in tracing its ancestry to France. The City Controller of Detroit, William B. Maron, whose name comes from one of these old French lines, was here the other day. He is a young man of about twenty-eight or thirty, elegant in manners, but full of Western tire and energy. His mission here was to prepare for the placing of bonds which have been issued o complete the improvement of Belie Isle, an island in the river just above Detroit, which the city has under taken to turn into a large park and to connect with the mainland by a bridge. Belle fale Park, when comploted, according to the present intentions, will be one of the finest in the United States. The work has been going forward too slowly to suit the public, on account of the small amount that can be annually raised by taxation for this purpose, and it was determined teraises sufficient fund by the issue of bonds to complete the improvement at one.

W. F. Proctor, the sewing-machine millionaire, who married one of Mr. Singer's dauguters, says that in his youth he worked in New-York for a dollar a day. Trades unions were known then and he says that there was always the same talk and strife that is still going on in the labor field between individuals and associations. He always refused to join the labor organizations because he said they attempted to dictate the price he should re-ceive for his labor. He holds that a mar's labor is worth all that he can get for it and that when the union says that the price shall be the same for all men engaged says that the price sual be the same for all men engaged in a given line of work, whether they are good, bad or indifferent workmen, it puts a premium on the shiftless workers at the expense of the good men. White talking recently on this subject he said: "There are three most remarkship conditions observable in the country to-day. Capitalists never got such small profits from their

money as they get new. Wages of employes were never generally so good as they are now. The exat of living was never generally so low. Yet in the face of these three things the air is full of talk about disastating wage-earners and movements of the workingmen and labor men for various purposes."

Charting the other day with Congressman William Walter Phelps, of New-Jersey, I asked him how he accounts for the rock-ribbed Democracy of Jersey, which it seems impossible to disturb by argument or otherwise. He replied in substance: "It is one of the things that I have been unable to find out myself. It does seem remarkable that it is impossible to change any number of Democratic votes in our State. It has been my custom for years to remain at the polls on election day and to talk with men, friends and heighbors, specially the Demo-cials, with a view to induced their votes by argment, they are friendly with me and will talk by the hour and sometimes I find a man who will agree with me, but when it comes to yoting they vote the straight ticket. There is certainly something heroic in the way they stand together."

Some days ago I gave a description of a royal visitor to this country from Singapore who was travelling around the world incognito with his interpreter, Mr. Aliamada. The readers of THE TRIBUNE will remember him from the fact that he was said to have at home the munificent household of fifty wives. He sailed for Europe on Thursday and just before his depature it was ascertained that his name and title are Prince Syed Mohamed Alsagoff. He belongs to the last reigning line of princes in his country and has a mission from its present rulers to inwite the occupation and improvement of the country by Europeans. It is said that be gave to a Boston man a deed to one hundred square miles of land on certain conditions with reserence to its improvement. A company is to be formed to open a large business at Singapore in spices and similar productions of the country.

When Algernon S. Sullivan, the well-known New-York lawyer, was a young man, his home was in Cincinnati, whither he had drifted from Indiana, where his parents lived. In the group of young men with whom he associ-ated in the Queen City in those days was the now wellknown Librarian of Congress, Ainsworth R. Spofford.
Mr. Spofford was clerk in the book-store of a large publishing house at Cincinnait. Mr. Sullivan spoke about those early days in this way: "The store in which Spofford was clerk was pandilly located for a few ways fall was clerk was nandly located for a few young fellows to gather in, and we used to meet after we had been out to spend an even-ing with the ladies or at entertainments. We would We would send out and get crackers and cheese and then sit and tell stories and talk for hours. It was not a dissipating crowd. Everyboly enloyed the quietness and sociability of the place and the company. After we parted at Cincionati it was years before I saw Spofford again. Meanwhile he had taken charge of the Library of Congress and under his direction it had grown to the present marvellous wealth of volumes and value. The laws that have been passed by Congress with reference to literature and with reference to the Library have nearly all been prompted and promoted by Mr. Spofford. I had almost forgotten about my youthful companion when as I was crossing the great library in Washington one day I heard somebody call out. Non. Sullivan. I turned about and it was my old friend Spofford who had addressed me by the nickname that I bere when we were together."

Chatting with Mr. Sullivan about the Indiana situation, I said that it was remarkable that Senator Harrison should have had any chance of success when the districts had been gerrymandered against him to such an extent that no one had thought it possible for him to succeed. Mr. Sullivan replied: "It was possibly on account of the genrythat pearly always when one party or the other does anything unfair of this nature it reacts. The people are nearly always right. They are always right if they understand fully the situation of allairs. It is only by deceiving them that they can be induced to indorse anything that is not right. Gerrymanders usually result in the discomilitare of those who undertake them."

Henry E. Abbay, the well-known theatrical manager who is expected home from Europe tals morning with Pattl, has had a wonderful career. The public has scarcely believed the stated extent of the losses that he sustained in his Metropolitan Opera House venture. They amounted to \$281,000. A small part of this was in the afterclap of a judiment accorded to Madame Scaleni by the courts, some \$1,800. Mr. Abbey's recovery from his manelal difficulties begins to be discussed. Mr. Tyson, the well-known ticket broker, who is well informed as to the business affairs of the theatrical world observed: "Abbey has had a heavy load and a long pull but this season will see him entirely free from his Met-ropolitan losses with a good big saim of money in his pocket. The feature of Mr. Abuey's character which is most frequently commented upon is his absolute antegraty. He refused to make an assignment of repudiate a dollar of his in tebtedness, but shouldered his whole load and announced his astermination to pay it off in due time.

Spile and it is to be observed in the construction of new buildings and the opening of new houses on these theroughtares."

General E. F. Beale, who was with General John C. Fremont, when the "Pathtinder" crossed the Rocky Mountains, was something of a politician in his jounger days. He took part in campaigns as a speaker and active indicates the contest for his seat. In an up-town cafe yesterday one of the prominent Free Trade advocates in this city said: "We propose to make a howl all along the line over the money raised by the protected." industries for use in the districts to deteat Carlisie, Morrison and Hurd. It makes no difference to us whether the Republicans used it or not. We don't pro-lose to have the lying all on one side. We can make the Parsons replied that it was about 300 feet. The General public believe it anyhow. When the Ltn Congress

A story is abroad that among some wealthy men of this city there is talk of making a combination of ten or twelve to buy out property on the Battery and make it once more a residence location. A capitalist whose accumulations are counted well up in the millions said that he would be one of a party of ten to make this new departure. "The Battery," said he, "is the most charm-ing location in the city of New Yors to-day and with the rool sea priezzs sweeping in from the ocean is a healthy spet. The early residents of New-York who counted this the fashionable locality were not lacking in good judgment.

The Italian Opera controversy about which the papers have been full began in a curious way, if belief may be put in a story that was in circulation during the week. The singer who goes by the name of Mademoiselle Stud on the programmes is a Denver girl whose real name is time. She studied music abroad for two years with Lamperti. Then she entered into a two years' contract with Angelo for his company. On coming to New-York the usual jealousy between singers was developed and she soon discovered that she was not to be permitted to appear in the roles for which she had been engaged while the company was in this city. Her belief that tals was due to the wish of a rival prima donna teat she should not have a good opportunity in the metropolis prompted her to consult with uer friends as to whether she might not break her engagement. It was stipulated that she should be paid weekly. Angelo had been dilatory in conforming with this part of his agreement, and the lawyer of Miss clins advised her to make a demand upon him and upon his failure to comply to declare the engagement at an end. This was carried out with engagement at an end. This was carried out with somewhat startling results. When Miss Sims failed to appear at the rehearsals and the cause became whispered around among the Italian chorus people and orchestra players, they began to inquire among themselves what chances they had for getting their pay if this American gir, who was in her own country, was unable to set hers. The result was a general demand on Angelo for more money than he could raise, and a disturbance followed which resulted in the suspension of the company.

Hotel proprietors who were bragging of their distinruished guests last week were somewhat "stumped" by the remark of one of the guests of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, who said: "Our house carried off the palm. We had four Princes. There was Prince Kamatsu, Prince Louis Napoleon of France, Prince Aisagoil of Singapore, and Mr. Prince, of Boston, on his wedding trip." It was immediately acknowledged that the Pifth Avenue had the lead. Something over a year ago I met here an intelligent

wiss manufacturer of cotton embroideries, Mr. Steiger-Meyer. His home and factories are at Herisau, Switzerand. He was here for the purpose of getting from the Secretary of the Treasury a ruling as to the class of goods manufactured by himself, which should enable him to continue his extensive business with this country. He was successful in that endeavor. In conversation with him then he expressed decided views upon the tariff question, and told me among other things that he cheved that the policy of Protection would become the policy of the world. Mr. Stelger-Meyer is again in New-York on a business errand. In response to an inquiry whether a change in the American tariff was desired abroad he said: "That is a matter that is no longer of so much interest in Europe as formerly. A change in your tariff once meant a great deal to us. Now it means very much interest in Europe as formerly. A change in your tariff once meant a great deal to us. Now it means very little. In the first place it is not likely that if you reduced the tariff the reduction will be very much right away. You will go about it moderately and gradually. Now your in linearies have grown so powerful and have become technically so complete that in every article of become technically so complete that in every article of large goneumption you are equally atrong with European competitors. I refer, of course, to the matter of technical quantifications. The difference to-day is simply in the matter of wages. In the majority of articles of large production in this country, the proportion which large from in the cost of the articles is so small that an all-round reduction of, say 10 per cent, would change nothing in the imports. It would not hereese or diminish them somely, Maunfacturing consists of two things, knowledge and experience for one thing and wages for another. The years ago your weakness and our strength were in your lack of technical knowledge and experience. We had also some advantage in cheapness of labor, but the main thing was the technical knowledge. Since then you have so completed your technical knowledge. Since then you have so completed your technical knowledge in the perfection of production. This is the important factor, because your labor field is becoming corsed and you can meet us on the layor question. Consequently while ten years ago or even aix years ago a 10 per cent reduction would have been of great advantage to us in Europe, now you are onjan equal tooting with us. We have lost that advantage. The more powerful you get the less we can attack you in trade.

You grow powerful as you get techn'est knowledge. Take cotton embroidered goods for an example. The tariff now is partly by value and partly by measurement. It runs from 35 to 60 per cent. If it was 25 per cent we should not be able to increase our imports to any perceptible degrees because you are powerful enough at home in that branch of manufacture to keep us out. It would only force your manufacturers to reduce the wages to an extent sufficient to meet us. This would not profit us a particle. It would only damage you. You have such an abundance of labor to day in America that there would be no question but that the wages would go down under a reduced tariff. The manufacturer would have to meet the market, and his profits at present are so lean that he sould only meet it by reducing the wages of labor. Your laborers must work. If they cannot get ten foliars they must take seven. They cannot go itle, because that would be to starre or bring about anarchy."

The sketch given in these columns last week about Waiter Lowrie Campbell, the blind writer of Onlo, prompted C. A. Clapp to teil me some of his recollections of Herreshoff, the inventor of the muous Stiletto the of Herreshoff, the inventor of the inmous Stiletto, the Ingid little steam craft which has actoushed the yachtsmen of the country. Mr. Clapp knew Herreshoff at Bristol, Rhode Island, where he had a workshop. He is totally blind, yet he would go into his stop at any hour of the day or night, darkness of course being nothing to him, and set the machinery in motion. He used to run the lathes and drills himself and completed asseral boats, every part of which was of his own handlwork. He used to startle Strangers who would be chatting with him in the evening at a common place of resort by inviting them to come over to his shop, as he had a new idea which he wanted to work out. When they went over with him he would get them chairs in the darkness and turn on his machinery and go to work, all the while keeping up a lively conversation. Sometimes he would explain what he was trying to get at in his work. At other times he would merely talk on general subjects, but he would of companionship.

A Virginian who has given close attention to politica called my attention yesterday at the Fifth Avenue Hotel to some of the features of the election in that State which he considered remarkable. Among other things he said: "Thirty out of the forty counties west of the Bine Ridgs gave Republican majorities. This is the Seenandoan region and the location of the coal and from industries of Virginia. The Protective Tariff question was dominant there. Republicans elected every Congressman in the districts that he west of the Bine Ridge. I told Fitzhugh Lee when he was elected Governor that he had put the negroes on horseback and they would ride. He broke the color line and go: the objects to vote the Democratic tleket. The result is shown tolk year, the chules of colored men up in the momentum sould not be reached or touched by the Democrats, and the colored voters who went over to Lee in other Jarts of the State could not be held without esting these voters enjoy their franchise. Some great changes are going on in our country in politics. Few things in the elections are more remarkable than the result in Virginia. In the Xth Congressional District, which is an iron district, there was a change of over 3,000 votes. The district had been hearly Democratic by 1,100 and it went nearly Ex-Congressman Samuel Barr, of Pennsylvania, who which he considered remarkable. Among other things

Ex-Congressman Samuel Barr, of Pennsylvania, who Ex-Congressman Samuel Barr, of Pennsylvania, who was at the Fifth Avenue Hotel the other day, is a veteran of politics, with a red face and gray hair and mustache. He has always been a follower and supporter of the "Clan Cameron." He spent last summer at Mount Desert Maine, and is now inclined to think, although he formerly opposed him, that Mr. Blaine is the coming man of his party. He has so and opinions about newspapers, for he said: "I have been a close reader of The New-York Tribune for the last thirty years. I got terribly angry with the paper when it went off in 1872. I think I was nearly angry enough to have stooped it, but after it got straightened out again I am certain that it has been the best newspaper in this comparish and the best conducted Republican paper. I do not think that The Tenence has its equal to-day as a newspaper on this confinent."

GETTING POSTAGE STAMPS FOR NOTHING. AN ODD LITTLE TRICK WHICH SOME WOMEN PRAC-

TISE IN DRUGGISTS' SHOPS, "How is business?" asked a TRIBUNE reporter of a Fourth-ave, druggist's clark the other day.
"Fair; good business in court madicine, this time
of the year," hereplied and their made a profound bow to a fashionably dressed woman who had just entered the store.

"Picase give me two two-cent stamps and a o ne-cen stamp," she said. Upon receiving them she immediately stuck the larger stamps on two letters that she had in her hand, stamped a paper, and then held out to the clerk a five-dollar bill.
"I cannot changoit," said the clerk as he shook his

head mournfully. . That is too bad: I have put the stamps on, and have

nothing else with which to pay for them." "You can pay the next time you come in," suggested

"Oh, yes; thank you, I will," eagerly responded the

"Oh, yes; thank you, I will," eagerly responded the woman as she picked up a sample box of cough drops and started for the door.

"Five cents out," remarked the drugglet as the door closed behind the woman.

"How is that it asked the reporter.

"She will never pay. For te one we shall never see her again, or if we do we shall never see that five cents. That is just the way it gots. I presume I have lost ten dollars altogether, in just that way. We make no profit from selling stamps, not a cont; we keep them just to accomplate people, and it is a nulsance too, besides often an actual loss as you have just seen. Why don't the newspapers shiw people how they are abusing us! Way can't." But just then he was called to the desk again and in tearing off a two-cent stamp, he tore another in two, as the reporter left the room.

"God bless ye, miss," the old may said, as the fair maider turned her back on the idlers and went on her way.

FERGUSON'S BOY, FREDDIE,

I dined with Ferguson the other day. Ferguson has a boy named Freddie. Freddie is a bay about nine years of age, and is consulered very "bright." He is; he is positively brilliant. But if he were my boy I think I could poilsh him still more. At all events I specified.

hould try.

Freddie came into the parlor soon after my arrival, his Freddite came into the parlor soon after my arrival, his face shiping from a recent vigorous application of soap and water, and his yellow hair plastered down to his head so that every oump was plannly visible.

"You don't remember Mr. Johnson, so you !" said his fater, taking the young cub on his knee.

"Yep," was the teply.

"What's that !" said Ferguson reprovingly.

"Yet," repeated the boy, with a surprised took.

"Haven't I told you to always say yes sir !"

"Yessir."

"Yes," repeated the boy, with a surprised took.

"Haven't I told you to always say yes sir 1"
"Yessir."

"That's better. So you remember Mr. Johnson, eb !
It's nearly three years since Freddie saw you last.'
added Ferguson, turning to ms. "It's astonishing
what a memory the boy has. What do you remember
about Mr. Jeonsou, Freddie!" he inquired.
"I remember," replied Freddie, ingremously, "that his
hair was white at the roots and black at the ends, and
mar said she guessed be hadn't dyed it this week."
This remark produced a feeling of constraint, so to
speak, and Freddie was banished from the parlor. I did
not see him again until I went in to dinner.
Ferguson asked a blessing. As soon as he had Snished
Freddie burst out with:
"Par, what's the reason you never do that cept when
we have comp'ny !"
Perguson made some laceitous remark, but I saw a
light in his eye which fold me that there was trouble
ahead for Freddie, and I rejoiced in secret.
"Mar," said Freddie presently, "don't you wish Aunt
Marla was here!"
"Why, Freddie!" said his mother, with a food smita.
"Canse you said the other day that you wished she
an' Mr. Johnson could meet, 'cause he'd be such a good
eatch for her, an't it was about her last chance, an'—"
"Frederick!" snouted Perguson.
"Freddie!" snouted Perguson.
"Why, Freddie Forguson!" exclaimed his mother.
"The subject was quictly changed. I felt that it would
be wise to send Freddie away from the table, but
Forguson darea Fate, and permitted him to remaile.
"Gimme another place of cake!" said Freddie, presently.
"You have had three already," said his mother. gently.
"You have had three already," said his mother.

ently.
"You have had three alroady," said his mother, gently.
"I know I have, an' I want another."
"But-"

"Iknow I have, an' I want another."

"But-"
"I want another piece of cake!"

"I want another piece of cake!"

"What oan you possibly want of more cake!"

"What oan you possibly want of more cake!"

"Wanter eath; of course. What 'd yer s'pose I wanted "Wanter eath; of course. What 'd yer s'pose I wanted it struck me that this world be a good time to remove It struck me that this world be a good time to remove It struck me that this world be a good time to remove It struck me that this world be a good time to remove It struck and I then the produce and Indicate the party of the said, as she gare him the biggest piece of sake got she said, as she gare him the biggest piece of sake on the plake. I'd a may making quaint remarks on the plake. Fur and I think he'il become a great humorist."

"Mr. Johnson" said Freddle, as we rose from the table "can i feel of your d'mun pin!"

"What a singular reques!" said Mrs. Ferguson. "But please let him do it if you don't mind, Mr. Johnson. He's got some famny idea in his head and we small see what it is."

He's got some fanny idea in his head and we small see what it is."
We did. After rubbing the diamond several times with his foreinger (incidentally coloring my humaculate shirt-front with our rant jelly; he said wondering!); "Why, it sint sloky at all."
No, Freddie, of course not" said Ferguson smilingly.
"Why should it be sloky! Diamonds are not sloky."
I will should it be sloky! Diamonds are not sloky."
I no, I spose not said Freddie out flearl in ar say that she thought it wasn't a di'mun at all but only paste an'! I knew that paste.
But at this point Freddie was histled out of the room by his father and in a few moments my heart was gladeded by the soune of dismal yells in the distance.
I saw no more of Freddie that evening. I do not intend to dine at Ferguson's again at present.

SHE KNOWS, BUT SHE WON'T TELL,

From The Auburn (N. Y.) Dispatch.

Auburn has a Bocky Jones in the person of Sophrenia
Lows, of Genos, who, after a two weeks' stay in the
county bastile, declares that she will remain there for
life rather than answer the questions, the non-reply to
which caused her incarceration. Miss Lowes a school
teacher, and the Genoses are anxious that she should
loosen her tongue before the winter term begins. But
she won't if she knows hereelf, "and there ye are."
Perhaps the cookery at the Hotel de Myers has something to de with her determination.

CURRENT ANECDOTES.

THE HAUGHTY WIFE.

From The Boston Record.

In one of the cities that the over against Boston there lives a family whose masculine head is a man who has won considerable wealth, from humble beginnings not unlike those of Commodore Vanderbilt, becan as a boatman, he was expanded into the banking business instead of into the rairoad business. Ever since he became a banker his excellent wife has been smitten with the great importance of her husband's new occupation, and has advertised it on every possible occasion. The horse-case conductors on the line which runs into hereity all knowner, and smile when abe enters the car and grandly utters her command:

"Conductor, let me off at my husband's bank?"

One day lately a trampan-looking old fellow with a red nose got on the car just as the hanker's wife delivered her usual order to the conductor. The old mas watched her performance curiously, and then areas, pulled himself together, and called out with a magnificent air that was intinitable:

"Conductor, let me off at my old woman's peanut stand!"

A roar went through the air, and "my husband's bank" has been silved to more than ever alone that time.

A roar went through the air, and "my husband's bank" has been alluded to more than ever slace that time.

A MINISTER IN A PIX.

Prom a Letter Written by Carlyte.

Stupid boys are a dreadful curse; and foolish mothers often make it warse, there is no remedy but patienes; let things take their train without struggling too necesy against them; you will find it best. There is a test, not quite scriptural, but which suits you exactly in its purport. A minister in the Middlebue pulpit was attempting to preach upon these words: "He that is unholy, let him be anholy still." The poor man, as you know, perhaps, could do nothing but repeat and re-repeat the verse, "He that is un—," etc., having totally forgotten the beginning of his sermon. An upland proprietor listened to him with increasing impatience, reterating the words, till at length another He that is unholy drove the worthy Laird out of all compounce; he started up, squeezed on his hat, and scalked graffy along the passars, muttering: "He that is a confounded Jackass, let him be a Jackass still!" There is much truth in that prayer, much good sense.

CONQUERED BY HIS SUPERSTITION.

CONQUERED BY HIS SUPERSTITION.

From The Portland Oregonian.

Several days are Uning Min brought suit in Justice
Tuttle's court against Pun Pong to recover \$30.40, and
in pursuance of the same a sewing machine was attached. Yesterday the case was tried, S. R. Stott appearing for plaintiff and R.-C. Oftron for defendant.
There were about twenty Chinamen in attendance, two
or three interpreters, the witnesses being armed with a
big pile of books.

Then they all began to awear, and swore in so many
different ways that, by the time they were through,
neither the attorneys nor the justice knew anything
about the case, in fact, couldn't make head or tail out
of it.

about the case, in fact, couldn't make head or tail out of it.

Finally one of the celestials suggested that to get at the truth of the matter a chicken's head be cut off. This was agreed to after some little parietying, and as Justice Trutle didn't wish to turn his court into a slaughter house, the josahouse was repaired to.

On arriving there the defendant was as bold as a flow, and bustled around and seated a chicken, some lighted tapers, etc. It was agreed that if either the plaintiff or defendant weakened the one who so did should lose the case. When everything was in readiness the Disintiff walked up to the block, picked up a hatchet, and it was good-bye chicken's heal.

The defendant weakened, and look over towarding the plaintiff remarked, "All right, me pay."

THE CLEVER YOUNG MAN.

THE CLEVER YOUNG MAN.

From The Chicago News.

The young man with bangs isn't always as idiotic as he looks. The son of a worthy Chicagoan had just returned from college. The father was a brusque, master of fact man, who had no liking for anything dudish, and no noticed with sorrow that his son returned with bangs and various other insignia of tudedom. The old gentieman surveyed him critically when he appeared in his office, and then biurted out: "Young man, you look like a fool." Just at that moment, and before the young man had time to make a fitting reply, a friend walked in." Why, hello, George, have you returned?" he asked." Dear me, how much you resemble your father." "So he has just been telling me," replied the youth.

"Dear me, how much you resemble your father." "So he has just been telling me," replied the youth.

AFFAID TO GO TO OMAHA.

From The Chicaso Herald.

"I was in New-York one day last week," said a rail roat agent, who looks after the immigration ouslass for a trunk line, "and while at Castle Garden saw a very indicrous incident, Handing on the wall was amap of the United States containing on the marrin the advertisement of a firm of land and immigration of several Western eities, was a rei flar, designated to draw attention to the various points at which the firm's branch offices were located. Chicago was thus marked, and so were Kansas City, Omaha, St. Pani and Douver. While I was standing there an Englishman came up, looked at the map and immediately became greatly excited.

""Ere's a'go,' he excisioned, pulling out his railroad ticket. 'Hi'm booked for Homa's, and on the map theer Hi see hit is a Hanarchist town. Hi'll never go to all Hanarchist places. Bi'll go back to Hinghand first, so theer! Cawn't I chance me booking, y'Roow F" "And that wild Englishman took on at a great rate, and rushed around asking everybody he saw if the 'Hanarchista' had combists possession of Omaha, and if its was safe for a traveller to set froot in the rown, and if he would have to pass through Chicago to get to Omaha, and if there wasn't some way in which he goold have his 'booking' chanced, and so on. When at last he was caimed sufficiently to tell the officers the cause of his excitement, it was iscarned that he had taken the red flag on the map to mean that the cities so marked were in the power of the Anarchists. Wasn't it funny i"

CAPTURE OF A GREAT SALMON.

clies de beind the woman.

"How is that I" asked the reporter.

"How is that I" asked the reporter.

"How with inver pay. Fon to one we shall never see her arain, or if we do we shall never see that five cents. That is just the way it gots. I presume I have lost ted donhars altogether, in just that way. We make no profit from solling stamps, not a cont; we keep them just to account the poole, and it is a musance too, besides often an actual loss as you have just seen. Why don't the newspapers that we people how they are abusing us I way can't "But inst the way are abusing us I way can't "But inst the may are abusing us I way can't "But then he was called to the desk arain and in tearing off a two-cent stamp, he tore another in two, as the reporter left the room.

IDLERS PUT TO SHAME BY A YOUNG WOMAN—An aged truckman benk under the weight of a big roll of carpet. His bale-hook fell from his hand and bounded into the gutter out of reach. Twenty lide cierks and salesmen saw the old man's predicancents and smiles in the situation at a clauce and, without looking to the right or left, stepped into the gutter, picked an the hook in her dainty, gloved fingers, and handed it to the man with a pleasant smile.

The differs looked at each other and at the fair young woman. The old truckman, in a violent for express his thanks politely, loost his hat. If redued into the gutter where the nook had been. This was aimost too much for any woman, rolling or past young, but the gutter where the hook had been. This was aimost too much for any woman, rolling or past young, but the gutter where the hook had been. This was aimost too much for any woman, rolling or past young, but the gutter where the nook had been. This was aimost too much for any woman, rolling or past young, but the politery loost his had. If redued into the gutter where the nook had been to eccanion. Into the gutter where the nook had been to be a control to the gutter where the nook had been to present the fail into the "siap," and for the first thou had any came

A saloon-keeper on Grabiot at, sat at his door the other afternoon, wondering why it was that so many mee in Detroit preferred butterlik to heer, when two strangers came along. One of them placed a sensy on the sale walk, placed his right-heel on the penny, and then bent over to see now far he could reach and mark the flug-stone with a nail. As he reached out he litted his heel off the penny, and the other man picked up the coin, slipped it into his pocket, and winked at the saloonist.

"That's a long reach," said No. 1, as he straightened up.

up. Yes, but you lifted your heel off the cent."
"No. I didn't."

"Yes, but you lifted your heel off the cent."

"No, I didn't."

"Bet you a dollar!"

"It take it."

"Hold on, shentlemens," said the beer-seller, as he rose up; "I like to make some beas myself."

"I bet you \$2 my heel is on a penny," said No. 1.

"I take dot bet awful queek," replied the salconist, and a couple of \$1 bills were handed to No. 2.

No. 1 sat down on the walk, pulled off his shoe and held it up to at the salcon-keoper right see a neury screwed fast to the heel. He replaced his shoe after a moment, rose up and bowed courtecously, and the pair walked off. They were at least half a block away before the victim recoversa sufficiently to say:

"Yhell 'yhell' I pays taxes in two wards and goes twice to Chicago, but yet I yhas some lunatics who ought to be led around mit a rope i"

THE STRANGER SAW THE POINT,
From The Roston Record.
On one of the recent cold mights, a man was hastening across the Common with his overcoat buttoned up to his neck. He was rather anxions to know what time it was but he was too lasy to unbutton his cost in order to get at his watch. Just then he saw a man of well dressed appearatuce coming in the distance, and remarked to himself:

appearatice coming in the distance, and remarked to himself:

"Go to! I will e'en ask you genteel stranger what time it is, and he will unbutton his cost, pull out his waten, and ske inform me of the hour of the night."

He proceived that the stranger was buttoned up just as he was. When he came up, the mas who wasted to know the time touched his hat politely and said:

"Sir, do you know what time it is!"

The stranger paused, removed his right glove, unbuttoned his cost from top to bottom, unbuttoned his undercoat, and finally pulled out his waten, while the cold wind beat against his unprotected chees.

Holding up the watch so that the light would shine on it, he scrutinized it as instant, and said:

"Yes!"

"Yes!"
And then he passed on without another word.

THE PARSON AND EDDIE.

From The Beston Record.

A well-knewn doctor of divinity, not now living, was,
like many of us, retinent on the subject of age, and his
youthful grandson was, like other children, curious
about the same subject. At the table one day out burst
the quantion:

about the same subject. It is question:

"Grand(ather, how old are you?"

How plainly I hear the familiar, deliberate secents.

"Ways, Eddie, I am more than sixty."

"What! More than sixty, and not dead yet!"

Eyes Ears Nose

Are all more or less affected by catarrh. The eyes become in-flamed, red and watery, with dull, heavy pain between them, there are rearing, buzzing noises in the ears, and sometimes the hearing is affected; the nose is a severe sufferer, with its the hearing is affected; the nose is a severe sufferer, with its constant uncomfortable discharge, bai breath, and loss of the sense of smell. All these disagreeable symptoms disappear when the discase is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which expels from the blood the impurity from which catarrh arises, tones and restores the diseased organs to health. "I have suffered with catarrh in my head for years, and paid out hundreds of dollars for medicines. I was weak, and my eyes were so sore that I could not sew or read much. I because take Hood's Sarsaparilla and now my catarrh is

began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and now my catarrn is nearly cured, the weakness of my body is all gone, my appe-tite is good. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine that has done me permanent good."—[Mrs. A. CUNNINGHAM, Providence, R. I.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1 ; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. 1 HOOD & CO., Apotheoaries, Lewell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar